VOL. 46. NO. 1179 MAY 21 1904 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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HOW OLD IS ANN?

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AT THE PARKER BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1313 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.*

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.25

Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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THE DEMOCRATS might have some kind of a fighting chance if they were but half as full of life as of hope.

* * *

HILL MAY BE head and shoulders over Bryan as a political fox, but when it comes to ornate noise it cannot be denied that the Nebraska blatherskite is mouth and jaws over dear old Uncle David.

* * *

THE RUSSIANS said what they were going to do not many moons agone, and now they are suffering that which must be the keenest kind of humiliation, while the Japs compel them to eat the said words as they descend the toboggan-slide of Mars.

* * *

IF THERE IS anything bearing the faintest resemblance to a basis of truth in the assertion that we should glean wisdom from defeat, the Democratic party ought by this time to have sufficient wisdom not to do any of the picturesque things which it is always doing.

* * *

THE MANY METHODS and machinations of old Uncle David Bennett Hill, be they underhanded or above-board, or both, are now gracefully acknowledged by all competent and impartial critics to constitute that which they are pleased to call the very perfection of boundless peanutship.

* * *

IT IS QUITE LIKELY that the Democratic farce-comedy which is slated to take place in St. Louis in the near future will scintillate and ripple with fun of the side-splitting, button-bursting variety. With such a company of thought-tinkers and fun-carpenters as the Democratic party has constantly on tap much is to be expected. The tariff will be juggled in fine style, and there will be an ocean and a war of words on the subject of Jeffersonian simplicity, while the traditions and ideals of this mob that was once a party will be highly interesting as examples of pyrotechnic philosophy and red-handed rhetoric. There will be anything and everything but concordance, if we may judge by the condition of affairs that at present exists in the Democratic ranks. The leaders have their hatchets and razors out, and the expert scents the battle from afar. May the joy be unconfined while the razors and hatchets fly and clash and mingle and mix in that wild, strident fashion which is the nearest approach to the rare quantity known as Democratic harmony.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT TIME, while the air is full of Parker and the Democrats think, dream and breathe Parker; and while there are Parker cigarettes, Parker trousers-stretchers, and everything else that can be made to savor of Parker, with possibly the exception of a Parker microbe, it is not to be wondered at that the urbane bench-builded candidate should be out hunting for the votes of the delegation. In this important quest it is quite natural that he should be accompanied and assisted by the sage of Wolfert's Roost, that ancient dream-carpenter who has reduced peanut politics to an exact science. Mr. Parker will find an expert booster in the Wolfert's rooster whether or not he succeed in boosting him sufficiently high to enable him to grasp that which he seeks. The combination of Hill and Parker is certainly one that is a trifle out of the ordinary, and how far old Dame Democracy will let them proceed in their efforts to corral the various delegations is not easy to say. She is a pretty wide-awake damsel, and it is not likely that old Uncle Peanut can succeed forever in keeping his trousers seat beyond the range of her switch. In point of sagacity he is quite as old as the Democratic Ann, and therefore quite capable of making the situation an extremely interesting one.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE TERM.

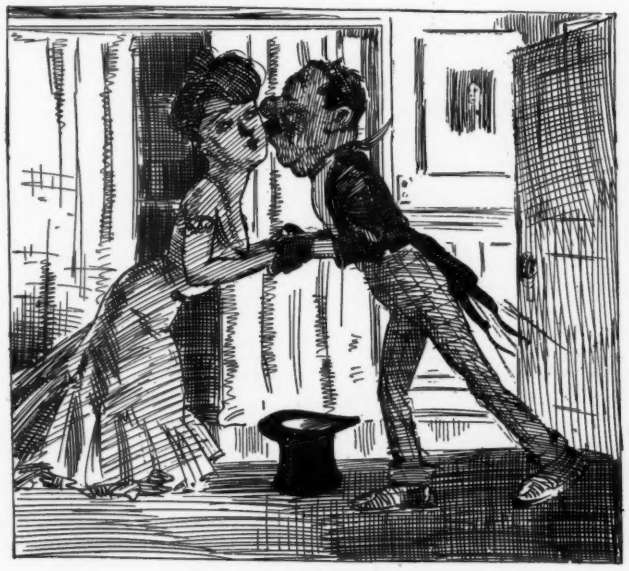
FARMER JONES—"So your son Josh wrote from Yale thet he thought he would make the nine?"
FARMER SMITH—"Yes; an' I wrote right back, 'If yer do send me five—I kin use it."

1.

NERVY NAT—"What ho! a letter from Bombay? 'Dear brother, expect me this evening. Have just arrived in America. Just think! it is twenty years since I have been away. Love to the wife. Aff., Josiah.' And here's the address. I will be Josiah."

2.

NERVY NAT—"My soul revolts against this premeditated deception, but I need a couple of dozen meals. My earnest prayer is that I look something like 'Josiah.' I don't, unless Josiah has a cameo profile and a certain distinction of bearing—that's sure."



3.

NERVY NAT—"Dear sister, this is indeed a pleasure! Just got in from Bombay. The train was late—I mean, the steamer. I hope my brother won't hurry home on my account. I haven't but a few moments to stay, my dear. Off to Bombay again, you know."

DEAR SISTER—"You mustn't say that, Josiah. Go into the library and I'll have some luncheon brought to you right away. I know you must be hungry."

4.

"DEAR SISTER'S" HUSBAND—"Well, Mary, here's Josiah. Met him at the station. What's the matter, dear?"

DEAR SISTER—"Why, there's been some mistake, John—an awful mistake! I—I—thought—I mean, there's another Josiah in the library—and he k-k-kissed me!"

"DEAR SISTER'S" HUSBAND / JOSIAH —"WHAT!"

5.

"DEAR SISTER'S" HUSBAND / JOSIAH —"Well, of all the immaculate gall!"

NERVY NAT—"Now, gentlemen both, above all things, don't get excited—mistakes will happen. If you'll give me five minutes' start I'll promise you as fine an exhibition of sprinting as was ever witnessed in the field-sports of any college amongst the 'big four.'"

6.

NERVY NAT—"These gentlemen were no sports. But what can one expect in the suburbs? Provincialism—that's the answer."

NO. 25.—NERVY NAT AS THE BROTHER FROM BOMBAY.

SONNET TO AN EGG.

HEN good Dame Partlett, visibly annoyed,
Circles the noisy farm-yard, sore obsessed,
'Tis not until within her cozy nest
She places thee, her drooping heart is buoyed.
Thou luscious, ivory-hued, prolate spheroid,
A chanticleer in embryo, thy crest
The gourmet views with enviable zest,
While other dainties of the board are void.
E'en when, Medea-like, the deathless lime
Preserves thy youth in fame's Acropolis,
The world's cold plaudits are not thine to beg.
While sands run through the gleaming glass of time,
Thy haunting flavor still shall be our bliss,
Thou beanery immortelle—O hard-boiled egg!

EUGENE GEARY.

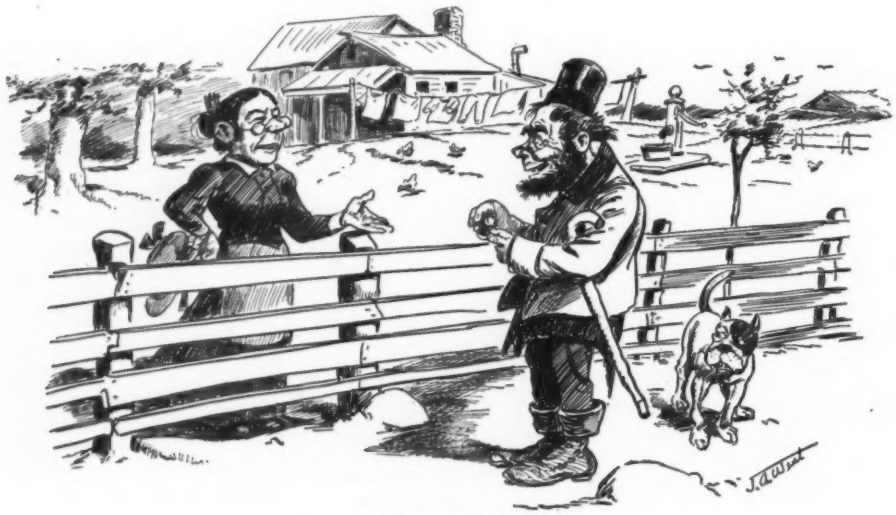
SETTLING THE QUESTION.

"HAROLD and I are disputing over whether or not we two were made one when we were married," pouts the bride.

"It is not that exactly," explains Harold with boldness. "The dispute is as to which one."

"Neither one," asserts the mother-in-law grimly. "I have decided to come and live with you."

Cobwigger—"Is your wife of much help to you in your literary work?"
Penfield—"I should say so! When I'm writing she keeps the baby quiet."



"OF TWO EVILS."

LADY—"What would you be willing to do if I gave you some of my daughter's nice, fresh pie?"
TRAMP—"Most anyt'ing but eat it."

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MINOLA MODA HURST IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

The man that sells roses
Will dance with delight
And gather in shekels
At morn, noon and night,

And laugh at Dame Fortune,
And fail not in biz,
While you gayly caper
And whirl with a whizz

HE KNEW IT.

"CRUDE petroleum is good for the hair," said Barlow.

"I know it," replied Mullins. "Since the general use of oil as an insect-eradicator, the mosquitoes have begun to raise whiskers."

FRESHY!

"I SEE you've bloomers on your limbs,"
The tree-frog said, but hushed,
Embarrassed, when in modesty
The graceful peach-tree blushed.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

VISITOR—"Poor man! what brought you to this?"
CONVICT—"De trusts, sir—de heartless trusts."
VISITOR—"And how were the trusts responsible?"
CONVICT—"Dey own de Squeedunk railroad, an' dat's de line I come here on."

WHAT QUEERED HIM.

"Why did Dolly refuse Jack? I thought he was every way eligible."
"Well, he *was* till he shaved off his mustache."

A GENUINE HERO.

I STOPPED before a new statue—one that I had never seen before in the park. The name upon it, too, was new, and I could not recall the face as that of a man who had served his country on land or sea, in the halls of legislation, or, in fact, in any line. Why a statue had been erected in his honor was a question that I could not answer; but when I went around to the other side I learned that the man was a real hero, and that he deserved the honor that had been paid him, for I saw the following words: "Sacred to the memory of a man who gave up smoking and kept his pledge." Removing my hat as a mark of respect, I walked on until I reached a drug-store, where I bought a dozen Flor del Cabbagos.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

HE USED to say her neck was like a swan's;
But now, when scornfully he sneers and laughs,
Her eyes resemble much a startled fawn's—
He says her neck is quite like a giraffe's.

Crawford—"I suppose when your wife joined that women's club she bought a book on parliamentary rules?"

Crabshaw—"No. She said all she needed was a latch-key."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

UNCLE HIRAM (*with a sigh of relief*)—"Wa-al, this is what I call luck. Thought sure 'Mandy wuz after me."

HIS HOME SHAVE.

I SIT on the keg and I let the brush fly
All over my face, from the chin to the eye;
Then with the old razor I have, full of joy,
The shave that is velvet, and not corduroy.

I push the old razor with speed o'er my chin,
And crack the wire whiskers two days 'neath the skin;
And as the keg wabbles I break into song,
While to its andante I shave right along.

At last, when I've finished, I feel spick and span,
And quite like another hen-bred Afri-can.
'Tis then loud I shout, while my features I lave,
"Hurrah for the joys of the dandy home-shave!"

REFLECTION ON HIM.

THE author of the remark, "Time will tell," was confronted by Time himself.

"Look here!" said the old gentleman, "don't you know you will get people all mixed up about me? I'm no woman!"

OMINOUS.

Cook—"They're going to get another girl in my place."

Maid—"How do you know?"

Cook—"The missis hasn't found fault with the meals for two days."

WELL, THE IDEA!

"What makes the India-rubber man so happy to-day?"

"He told me that he's just become the proud father of a bouncing boy."

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

LOVE dies of starvation in some houses, but there's more in which it's indigestion kills it.

Water in a ship's hold can stay at the same level. Love in a household can't—it'll git more or less, as sure as fate.

A woman who was born as misshapen as she makes herself with corsets an' such truck would commit suicide from pure shame about her figger.

Some women are like fogs—not 'cause they're damp an' clammy to th' touch, for that they ain't, but 'cause they much obscure our views of other things.

I passed Jim Brown two weeks ago, when he was walkin' in th' road behind a mule-team, an' forgot to nod to him. This mornin' I passed him ag'in, when he was ridin' in a carriage, an' I took off my hat an' waved it real cordial like. I wonder why.

Ain't it funny about women that flirt? One of 'em 'll stay awake all night thinkin' about th' man that wouldn't wink back at her, while th' chap that fell plumb in love at first sight won't git so much as an extry snort as she cuddles down an' goes to sleep.

Here's a precept that a passenger flung at me after his wife had threatened to git a divorce because he had seen somethin' on th' horizon that he said was a cloud an' she'd declared it was an iceberg. It had turned out to be a cloud. "Never marry a woman who's in love with you," he says to me, "'cause she'll expect too much," he says. "Never marry one who ain't," he added, "for like enough she'll fall in love with some other man later." Then he went into th' smokin'-room an' told th' steward to bring him a Scotch high-ball.

I went ashore in a foreign port, an' th' people was givin' a humty-roodle-doo in honor of th' king. "Why?" I asks. "'Cause he's licked ev'ry other nation within reach of him," says a native, "put down forty-six revolutions an' a dog-fight, fooled all th' other countries of th' earth in diplomassy, caught all th' criminals, cured all th' sick, cheered th' unhappy, wrote a historical novel that's had a bigger sale than 'Eben Holden,' solved th' servant problem, squared th' circle, found th' philosopher's stone, straightened out th' currency muddle, done away with tariff arguments, reconciled Tom Platt an' Richard Croker, drove an eight-hoss team with th' reins in his teeth an' a flag in each hand, broke th' record for th' runnin' long-jump, an' learned th' bible so's he can recite it backward with his eyes shut an' a pebble in his shoe." "Mercy on us!" says I. "He's a great king. Ain't his people happy, though? But what makes *him* look so kind of worried?" "Oh," says th' man that was a-talkin' to me, "that's because he wants the queen to go to th' seashore this summer, an' she says she's goin' to th' mountains." "Can't he make her go where he wants her to?" I asked. "*Make* her?" says th' man. "Why, she's his *wife!*" "Oh!" says I.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

ONLY A BLUFF.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Dear me! why did you get your life insured?"
MR. NEWLYWED—"Oh, just to let my friends know that I am still living."

HE KEPT IT.

MIKE—"Hov yez ten cents thot ain't wurkin', Pat?"
PAT—"Yis; but all me other senses *is!*"

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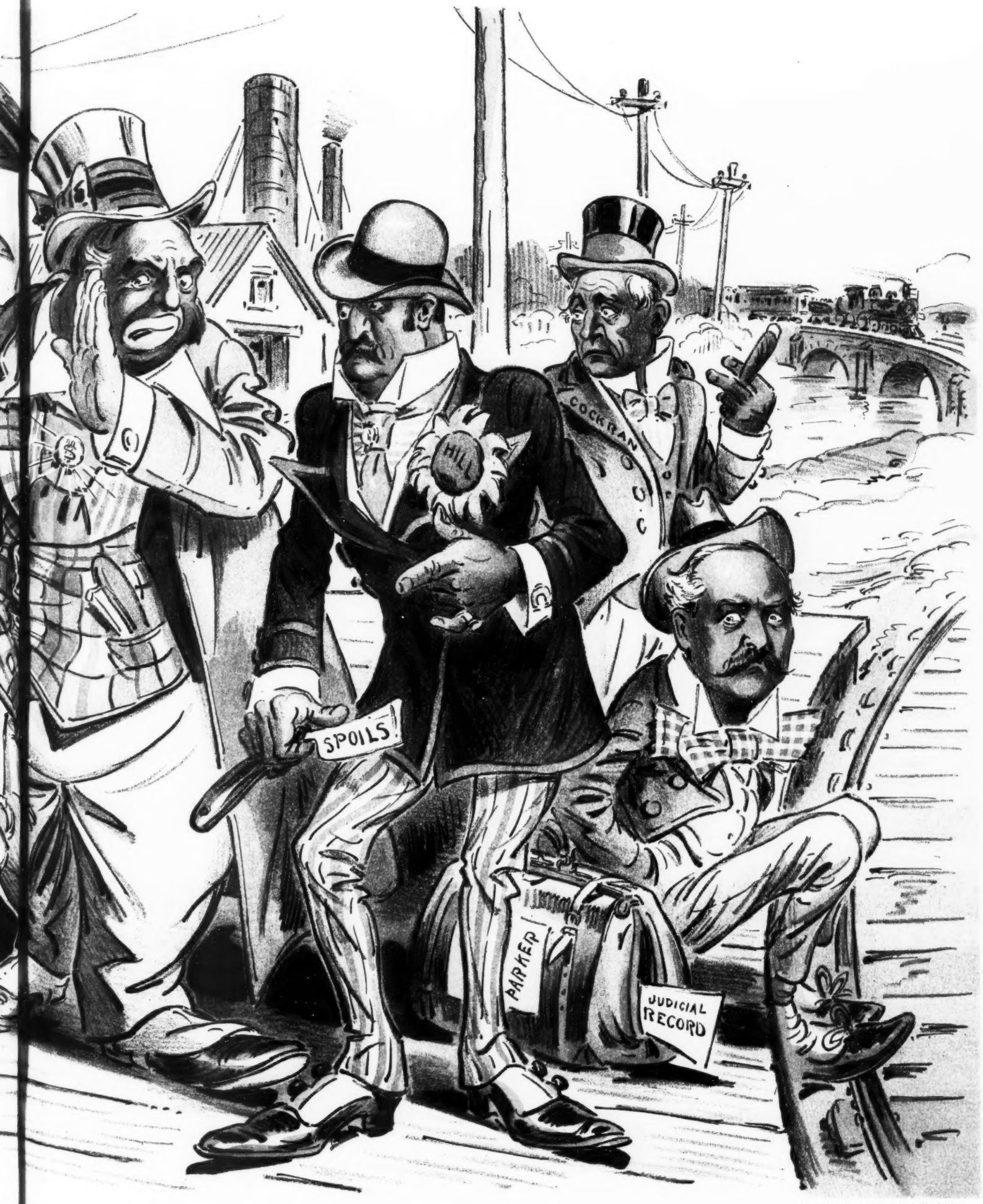
THERE'S A-GOIN' TO BE T



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OBE TROUBLE FO' SURE.

THE MOVING COMPLAINT.

THEY took her to a specialist
To diagnose her case,
For something like a mental mist
Was coming on apace.

And he, through scientific chats
And x-rays, saw it plain.
She'd diagrams of forty flats
Imprinted on her brain.

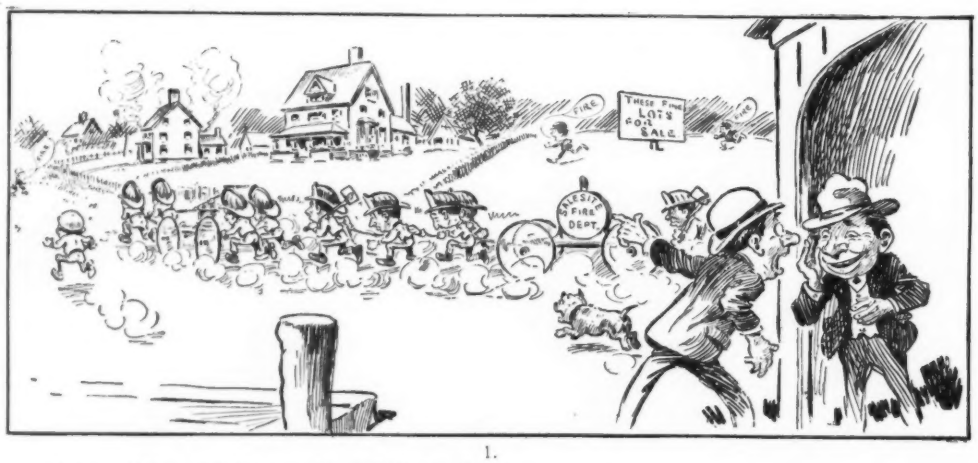
LURANA W. SHELDON.

HIS LAST WORDS.

THE murderer was about to be executed, and he was asked if he had anything that he wanted to say. His answer was in the affirmative, and he spoke as follows:

"I know that it is the custom at a time like this for the condemned man to protest that he is innocent of the crime of which he has been declared guilty. I do not propose to make any such protest, and could not if I would, as you all know that I killed the man. Even my able lawyers were not able to deny that. You all, I have no doubt, know the circumstances—that the night before the killing I had a quarrel with the man I killed the following day. I did not kill him then, as I might have done, but the next morning I waylaid him and committed the crime for which I am about to pay the penalty. The verdict, you know, was murder in the first degree, as the time intervening between the quarrel and the killing was sufficient to let the state prove that there was premeditation. Now, had I killed the man during our quarrel of the night before it would have been apparently done without premeditation, and instead of standing here to-day I should be serving a life-sentence in the state-prison, with a chance of getting out, as the verdict would have undoubtedly been murder in the second degree. In view of these facts there is one thing that I want to say in closing, and that is in the way of advice. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day." HARRY IRVING HORTON.

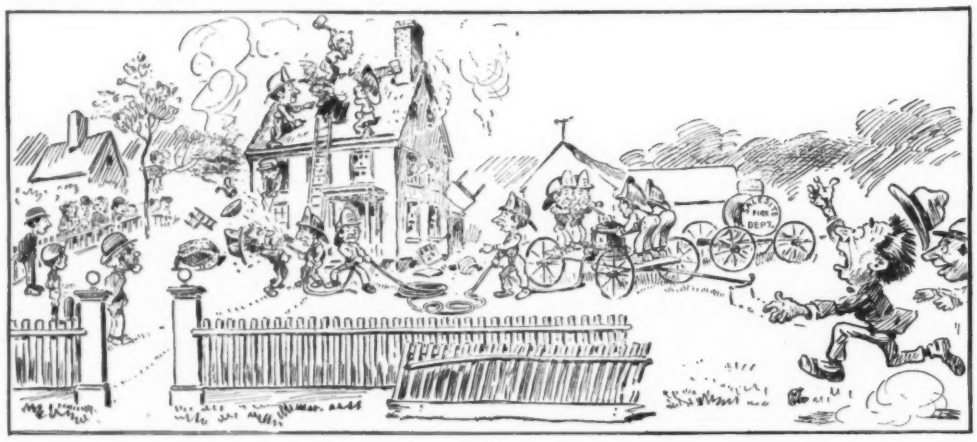
THE EXCELSIOR BRAND.
A "four-in-hand neck-tie" that is all the go with horsemen in the west.



1.

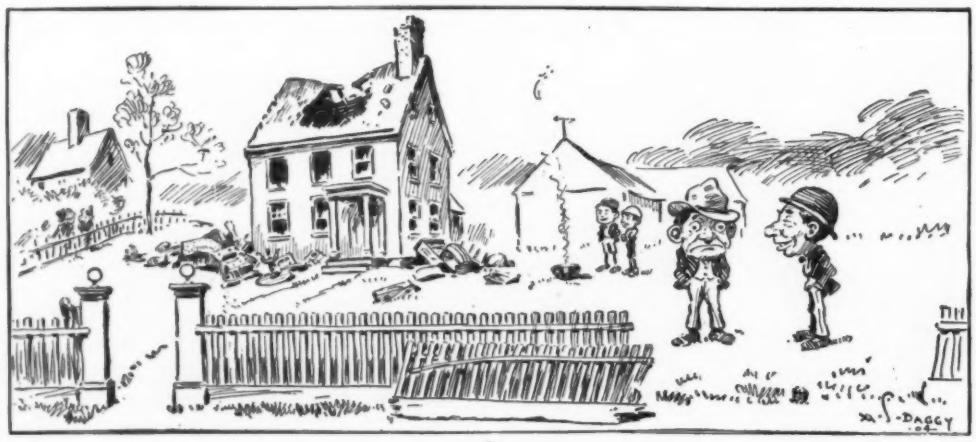
FRIEND—"Hey, Bill, it's your house thet's burnin'!"

BILL—"'Sh! It's nothin' but a smudge-fire I built in an old iron pot in my attic. My wife bein' away visitin', it wuz my chance ter work a little joke on our new fire-company an' let us see what sort of a move the boys kin git on. Ha, ha, haw!"



2.

BILL—"Oh, they ain't doin' a thing to thet house!"



3.

FRIEND—"I say, Bill, the fire-company boys seem ter git on a move thet's about equal to a fire, eh?"

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

ESSAY ON MAN.

TEN years old, a happy child;
One-and-twenty, vote age;
Fifty, philosophic, mild;
Seventy, anecdotage.

IN STYLE.

"YOUR lawn-hose leaks badly," says the neighbor, leaning over the fence and noticing how the water sprays out of tiny holes about every three inches in the rubber tube.

"Yes," says the man, dodging a fresh outburst of dampness; "but my wife thinks this is what we ought to have."

"That's funny, isn't it?"

"Tolerably funny. But she has been reading in the *Ladies' Own Journal* that open-work lawn-hose are absolutely de rigueur."

REALLY VALUABLE.

"BUT, my dear, I don't understand!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout. "You got so many lovely things at the auction, and yet you say you think that cheap little kitchen-chair the greatest bargain."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Truthly; "that was the only thing that I really needed."

A GENIUS.

Crabshaw—"He has the inventive faculty very highly developed."

Crawford—"What has he invented?"

Crabshaw—"Nothing, so far as I know. But when his wife goes out he can think of things to keep the baby amused by the hour."

"Gee whiz! Dumley is mad this morning."

"Yes. His boy's teacher sent home word yesterday that the boy's composition was the worst she had ever read."

"Wounded his pride in his son, eh?"

"No; in himself. Dumley wrote it for the boy."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Servant's visitor—"Your missus used to work out herself, didn't she?"

Servant—"Yes; but it must have been a long time ago, for she never orders me around much."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Wedderly—"Politics in our ward is certainly in an awful condition."

Mrs. Wedderly—"Then why don't they get one of those ward heelers to doctor it?"—*Chicago News.*

Rule well thy passions and desires;
In short, so play thy part
That in thy tenement of clay
The janitor thou art.
—*New York Sun.*

Towne—"There is nothing I hate so much as a lazy man."

Browne—"Well, I wish there were more of them."

Towne—"You do?"

Browne—"Sure. The more lazy men there are the less competition we'd have in business."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The duke—"Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"

The count—"It is."

The duke—"What's her name?"

The count—"Don't know yet."—*Chicago News.*

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Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

SURBRUG'S

Arcadia

MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

First microbe—"So he had to choose between love and money?"

Second microbe—"Yes; he couldn't decide whether to live on a kiss or a dollar bill."—*New York Sun.*

Student—"Doctor, what do you think of problem novels?"

Doctor—"I am recommending them instead of the city directory for insomnia patients."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"There's talk," said the bookkeeper, "of a bookkeepers' labor league. I wonder what the public would think of our union?"

"Oh, Mr. Adder!" exclaimed Miss Hunter, the typewriter, "this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

BAD DREAMS

INDICATE IMPROPER DIET, USUALLY DUE TO COFFEE.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed, and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins; would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks; I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time, for I finally consented to try Postum, and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see); can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The chap who was taking his first airship voyage began to turn pale.

"How are you feeling, old man?" asked the aërial pilot.

"Rather queer," replied the other as he gazed at the silver lining on the clouds far below; "but I don't seem to be under the weather."—*Chicago News.*

Jack the giant-killer put on his cap of wisdom.

"You see," he explained, "it makes me know as much as the college youth thinks he knows."

Thus we can easily see how our beloved hero was absolutely invincible.—*New York Sun.*

In the warerooms of Sohmer & Co., Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth avenue, the reader will find instruments that cannot be surpassed, and the purchaser is perfectly assured of getting the best article in the market at a very reasonable figure.

"They are criticising you for not expressing an opinion."

"Perhaps," answered the silent candidate; "but not as much as they would criticise the opinions if I expressed any."—*Washington Star.*

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill that "tired feeling."

"Bobby, here's your penny, and you must go right to bed!"

"Pa, I want more pay and longer hours."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Crackers and Cheese Make a bite of Supreme delight

when washed down with

Evans' Ale

Appetizing and Satisfying Just Right for all occasions.

Try it for a change.

"How do you account for the fact," asked the doctor, "as shown by actual investigation, that thirty-two out of every hundred criminals in the country are left-handed?"

"That's easily accounted for," said the professor; "the other sixty-eight are right-handed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What makes Mr. Jones screw up his face so dreadfully?"

"Why, that's the face that goes with his automobile cap."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Fox—"The Japanese have a system of physical training called jiu-jitsu, which it is claimed enables the weak to master the strong."

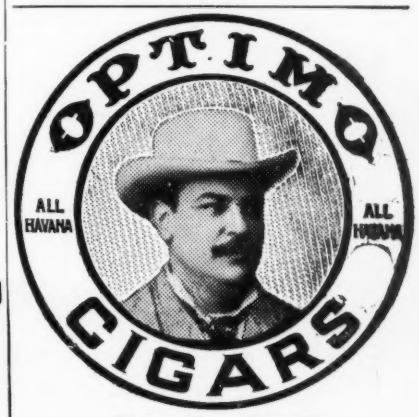
Knox—"Why? Are the strong barred from learning it?"—*Chicago Herald.*

Miss Scraper (amateur violinist)—"Did you notice that old man crying while I was playing my sonata?"

Friend—"Yes. He said your playing reminded him of old happy days."

Miss Scraper—"What! he a violinist?"

Friend—"No; he was a piano-tuner."—*New York Weekly.*



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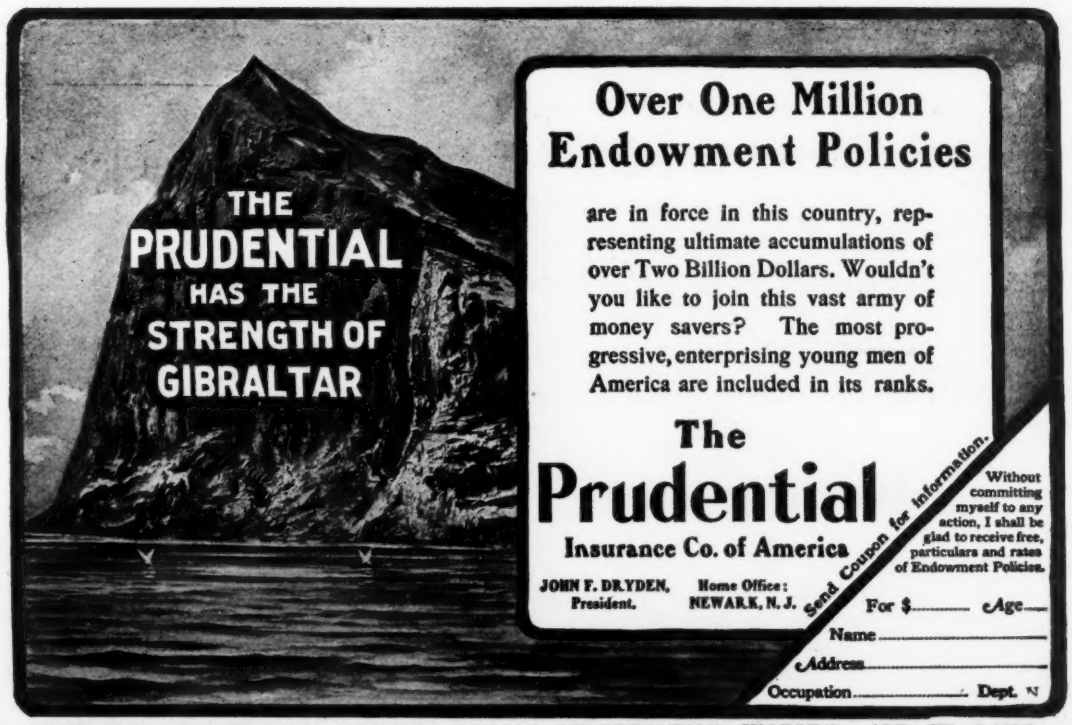

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

For $..... Age.....

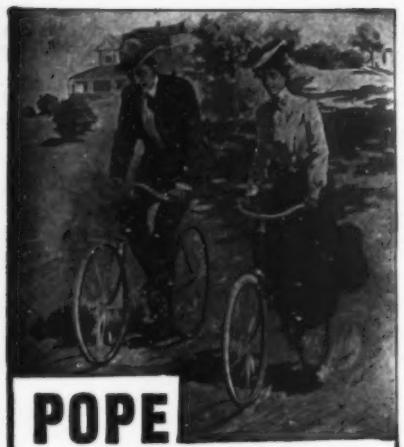
Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Dept. N

VISIT THE PRUDENTIAL'S EXHIBIT, PALACE OF EDUCATION, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

CALIFORNIA—Four Days from New York or Boston—By New York Central



POPE

BICYCLE INNOVATIONS

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

POPE QUALITY IN EVERY WHEEL

POPE MFG. CO.

EASTERN DEPT., HARTFORD, CONN.

"Columbia" "Cleveland"
"Tribune" "Crawford"

WESTERN DEPT., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Rambler" "Monarch"
"Crescent" "Imperial"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

The summer is coming.
I'll give you a hint:
When planning your garden
Remember the mint.
—*New York Sun.*

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a fishing trip always invigorates the imagination.—*Chicago News.*

Be careful what you do here and don't worry about what will be done with you hereafter.—*Chicago News.*

Hogg—"Well, I'm mighty glad I ain't got no children."
Kaustick—"It's just as well."
Hogg—"That's what!"
Kaustick—"Yes; for in these days of free education they wouldn't be able to escape some knowledge of grammar, and they'd be forever correcting you."—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I love you lots, Aunt Bertha."
"Do you, Dicky?"
"Yes, Aunt Bertha; you're lots nicer'n gran'ma; she washes me all th' time."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

Play-goer—"Yes. I regret that I missed seeing the mob scene in that last production."
Tragedian—"Which mob scene do you mean? The one in the play, the one in the audience, or the one when the players tried to draw their salaries?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I guess I'll have to send my boy to college," said Mr. Jiggs.
"He seems to be of a very studious disposition."
"Yes. Unless I get him interested in athletics or amateur theatricals, I'm afraid he'll turn out to be a regular book-worm."
—*Washington Star.*

QUALITY AND PURITY MAKE IT THE FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE

COOK'S Imperial CHAMPAGNE EXTRA DRY

SERVED EVERYWHERE

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

R. A. GEMS.

FAIR AMATEUR (*to carpenter*)—"My picture is quite hidden with that horrid ticket on it. Can't you fix it on the frame?"
CARPENTER—"Why, you'll spoil the frame, mum."

—*Punch.*

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Oldest and yet youngest illustrated paper in America

Every part of the paper of human interest

Jasper's hints to money-makers alone are worth ten times the subscription price

$4 per Year *$1 for 3 Months*

225 FOURTH AVE. LESLIE'S WEEKLY NEW YORK

NATURAL WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND

WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD

EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

Hot or cold,
Rain or shine,

Jaeger Underwear

will enable you to enjoy life out-doors as well as in.

In New York alone over 300 physicians wear it.

Can your health afford to disregard such endorsement?

DR. JAEGER'S
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.
New York: 306 Fifth Ave.; 157 Broadway.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton Street.
Boston: 230-232 Boylston Street.
Philadelphia: 1510 Chestnut Street.
Chicago: 82 State Street.
Agents in All Principal Cities.

Bessie—"I almost hate Carrie Dyer! She asks such impudent questions, you know. I was telling her if Frank Barnes had asked me to marry him once he had asked me twenty times, and she had the impertinence to ask me if he had asked once."

Minnie—"The idea! But has he, Bessie?"—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEEL CHAIRS
WE MAKE OVER 70 STYLES

and are fully equipped to make any special designs or size.

Catalogue "B" illustrates and describes (free).

GEO. F. SARGENT CO.
283 Fourth Ave., - NEW YORK CITY

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION NUMBER OF "JUDGE"

In 1900 it was the largest issue of that year. It will prove so again this year. Shrewd advertisers should be quick to take advantage of it. The centre-page picture of President Roosevelt will make it sell like hot cakes.

NUMBER DATED JUNE 18th—
ADVERTISING FORMS CLOSE JUNE 7th SHARP

Mr. Newedd—"What! No cook-stove in the house? I gave you money to buy one."

Mrs. Newedd—"Yes, my love, but I found I hadn't enough to buy a stove and hire a cook, too, so I let the stove go. But the cook is here, and she's a treasure. She has just gone out to get us some crackers and cheese."—*New York Weekly.*

"When a man goes out for a spin, what should he wear?"

"Oh, that's easy—a topcoat."

"And when he goes out in his automobile?"

"Why, he should be dressed to kill."

"When a girl goes to a musicale, what should she wear?"

"An accordion-plaited skirt."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The *Four-Track News* for June is out, and it's a gem beyond a doubt. It's being read in Me. and Penn. and Mo. and Mass. and Fla. and Tenn., and Conn. and Va. and Tex. and Wis., and Minn. and Wash. and Cal. and Miss. It has a charm that gives it vim, which causes it to skip and skim, and whirl and whizz, and caracole and fill with joy from pole to pole the soldier and the diplomat, the short, the slender and the fat; the bard, the scholar, and the bricklayer upon the double quick. And so we say put down your cash and buy instanter like a flash the *Four-Track News*, and you will grin until with joy you gayly spin, and do a gilt-edged saraband from Ponkapog to Samarcand. Then buy the *Four-Track News* for June—'twill cost you but a picayune.

George H. Daniels, publisher, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York city.

She—"Is marriage a failure?"

He—"No; they don't make failures nowadays—they take bankruptcy."—*Butte Inter-Mountain.*

Some Startling Facts

About That Twentieth Century Profession—Advertising. Big Salaries Paid—Bright Prospects for Beginners

A billion a year! That sum, The New York *Times* tells us, is spent in this country for advertising. The business has had a most remarkable growth during the past ten years. One hundred thousand men and women are now engaged in directing the expenditure of that vast sum. There's a fast growing need for people qualified to do this work well. Many are now

I invite my pupils to ask questions with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

Waking up to the Fact

that it's a very remunerative and uncrowded profession.

Next fall and winter there will surely be any number of good positions seeking competent ad-writers. Begin *now* and I'll have you ready for one of them.

Now, remember the demand is not for those who can string together a few high-sounding words, and who have but a smattering of types. The market is full of that kind. But storekeepers and manufacturers everywhere are seeking really well-informed men and women to prepare and place their business-bringing publicity—well-trained men and women who know how the subject can be most profitably handled. In short, for the kind of advertising people I am graduating.

Just a moment! Is that only idle brag—talk of the same character as that you've read perhaps many times before? Then let the records prove the truth of that statement by the successes my graduates have uniformly made. And this interesting and important fact: This school

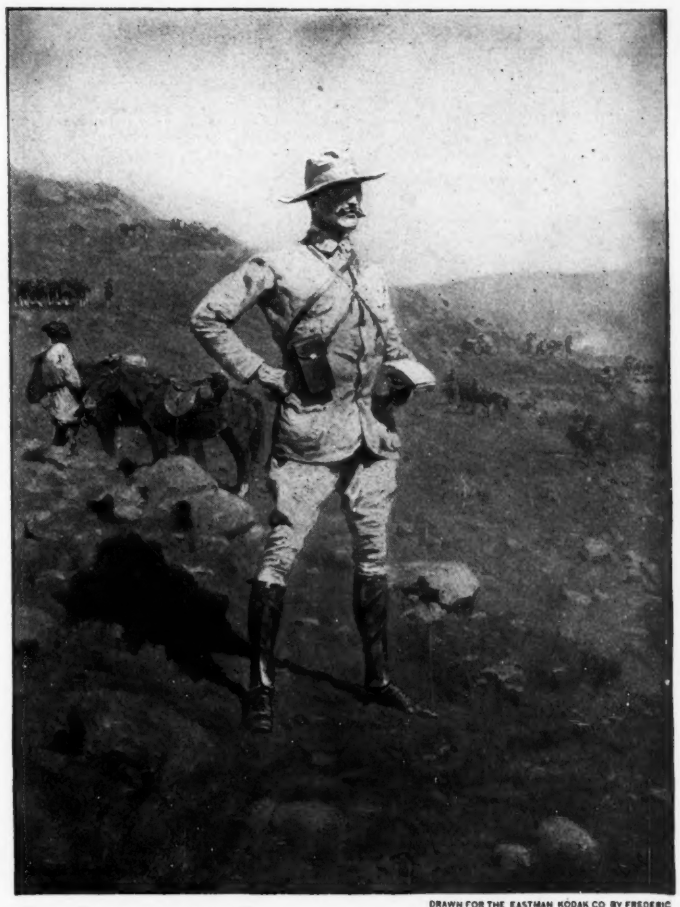
Never Lost a Student

because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *It has enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

That's not because as an advertising man I am better than all others—there are doubtless many men that are abler than I. But my *system* is superior—superior, because by it pupils are guaranteed personal instruction; because I am conscientiously and constantly studying the requirements of each pupil; because that pupil is taught as if he, or she, were the only one I had.

Of course, by my methods I can't teach as *many* people as some institutions. Nor do I intend to try. I am seeking by this announcement to enroll just thirty pupils to take the place of those who will graduate this month. Do you wish to become a pupil? Write to me and we'll talk about the terms.

ELMER HELMS,
Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker,
11 East 16th Street, Room 115, New York



"THE CORRESPONDENT."

DRAWN FOR THE EASTMAN KODAK CO. BY FREDERIC REMINGTON THROUGH COURTESY COLLIER'S WEEKLY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

In war as in peace
THE KODAK
is at the front.

In Cuba and the Philippines, in South Africa, in Venezuela, and now in Korea and Manchuria, the camera most in evidence is the Kodak.

The same qualities that make it indispensable to the correspondent make it most desirable for the tourist—simplicity, freedom from dark-room bother, lightness combined with a strength that resists the wear and tear of travel.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

"Hello, Jenkins! Glad to see you're back from the front."
"What? I know I'm thin, but didn't know you could see my back from the front."

MOTOR BOATS

Auto Launches, Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes.
For SPEED—PLEASURE—BUSINESS.
Beautiful, Reliable, Economical, Simple, Safe.
Our 64-page catalog gives the truth in detail about the best and cheapest Boats built. Agencies in all principal cities. Write to-day. Address
RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., (Box J), MUSKEGON, MICH.

The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is PureGrape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

"Did Alkali Ike make that tenderfoot eat his words?"

"No; the tenderfoot turned out to be one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat."—*Chicago Journal.*

We have received from the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, "Huldah," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan. One of the great charms of this novel is a character that is comparatively new in American fiction—Huldah Jarvice, who conducts the Wagon Tire house in a breezy manner, and is a genial philosopher of the cattle country, as well as a proprietor who knows the high art of keeping the ham and eggs in tune, as well as that of keeping the butter tender and the tea strong. All people who do not know how to be thankful for what they have in the way of gilt-edged blessings should not fail to read "Huldah."

He—"I don't understand your extravagance! Before we were married you had the reputation of being very economical!"

She (sweetly)—"But you forget, dear, that before we were married I didn't have the money."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wife—"The styles are returning to eighteen-thirty."

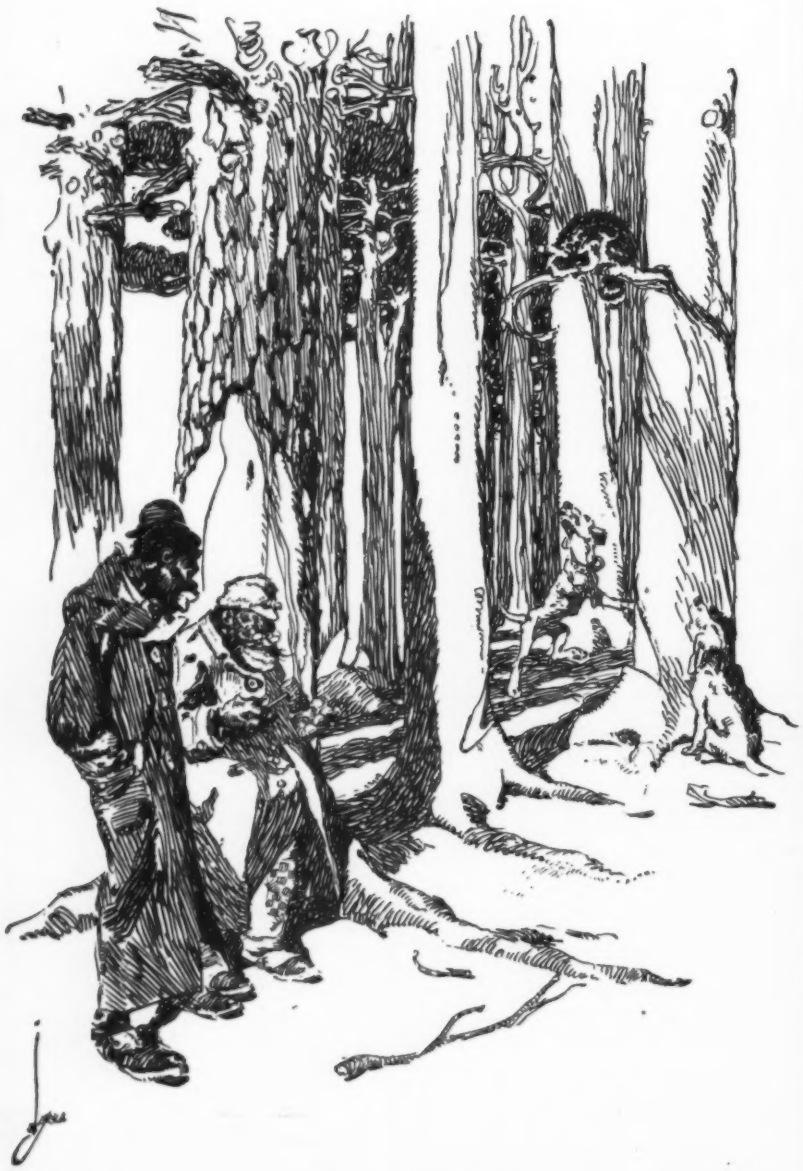
Stingiman—"Glad to hear it. I was afraid they would be ninety-nine ninety-eight."—*New York Sun.*

Do not frazzle out your nerve-cells on yesterday's old sorrow;
But build them up by nursing on the fair hopes of to-morrow.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is it that the tomcat
Makes discord when he sings?
Because the horrid tomcat
Is filled with fiddle-strings.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Wife—"John, you've been drinking. Oh, I can tell."

Husband—"Well, don't do it, m' dear. Let'sh keep it a fam'ly shecret."—*Philadelphia Press.*



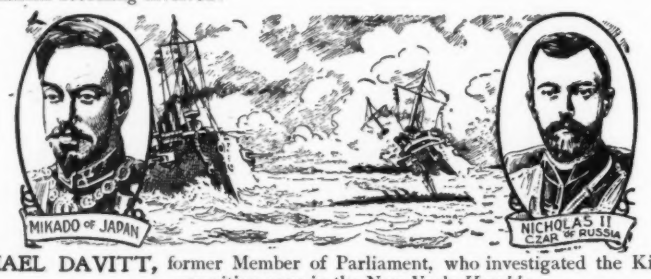
WHY HE WAS SURE.

PETE PERSIMMONS—"But why am yo' so shuah dat de Lawd will answer yo'r prayer?"

BROTHER JOHNSON—"Why, didn' I hab two rabbit's foots in mah pocket all de time I wuz prayin'?"

The Asiatic Crisis

One of the greatest struggles in history opens with the Russo-Japanese war. Its outcome may change the entire map of Asia, and perhaps Europe. What likelihood is there of other nations becoming involved?



MICHAEL DAVITT, former Member of Parliament, who investigated the Kishineff atrocities, says in the New York *Herald:*

"Look up the history of the Crimean War and find how long Russia fought England, France, Turkey and Sardinia combined, to find how long the Czar's Army can stand up against Japan."

Ridpath's History of the World

"The only World's History that reads like a story-book, yet is recognized as a standard authority,"

is a necessity at all times, and doubly so now

9 Volumes

11 Inches Tall, 8 Inches Wide, 2½ Inches Thick, 6,800 Pages, 4,000 Illustrations, Weight 62 Lbs., Occupy 21 Ins. Shelf Room

Sent on Seven Days' Approval

GREAT NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS WILL SPEND HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS to give you the latest news of battles and movements of the armies and navies. To appreciate what the great struggle means you should go further back than the newspapers and magazines will take you. Read the records of the nations. You can't understand the news of the war unless you're reasonably familiar with the history and development of these countries. Nowhere can you find everything you want to know so succinctly and interestingly told as in Ridpath's History of the World.

A SAVING OF FIFTY PER CENT.

In cleaning up our stock we find a few slightly "rubbed" and mismatched sets—no torn or soiled pages. The difference would scarcely be noticeable to anyone outside the book trade. Rather than rebind such a small lot we will dispose of them at what they would be worth to us with the covers torn off, and on small monthly payments.

If you'd like to possess the only world's history that reads like a story-book—yet is recognized by such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent, and thousands more, as a standard authority and the greatest historical reference work in existence,

Send for the free specimen book TO-DAY

That specimen book will tell you all about the history—HOW it came to be written, *HOW* it will interest and entertain you, *WHY* you need it, and *HOW* you can secure one of the slightly mismatched sets at much less than the subscription price.

Merrill & Baker, Publishers,
11 East 16th Street, New York

Cut This Corner Off Along This Line

JUDGE
May 21

MERRILL & BAKER,
9 & 11 E. 16th St.,
New York.

Without cost to me please send the RIDPATH Sample page and illustration book which contains specimens of Race Charts, Chronological Charts, Colored Race-Type Plates, Engravings, Photo-engravings, Tint Block Color-Plates, Text Pages, with full particulars and prices of the slightly damaged sets.

Name.....

Address.....

INQUIRY COUPON

If you mention JUDGE you need not cut out coupon.

A charitable young lady, visiting a sick woman, inquired, with a view to further relief, as to her family. "Is your husband kind to you?"

"Oh, yes, miss," was the instant response; "he's kind—very kind. Indeed, you might say he's more like a friend than a husband."—*Brooklyn Life.*

The rolling stone was on its travels.

"I may not gather any moss," it remarked, "but please note I don't acquire any green goods."

With a knowing smile, it thereupon passed by a gold brick.—*New York Tribune.*

Elijah was being fed by the raven.

"The beauty of it," said he, "is that you don't have to tip the waiter."—*New York Sun.*

Riter—"I'm a shorthand reporter now."

Scribbles—"I didn't know you understood stenography."

Riter—"I don't; but the city editor is only emloying me at present because he was short-handed."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

CALIFORNIA
VIA
UNION PACIFIC
AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

FASTEST TIME
SHORTEST LINE
SMOOTHEST TRACK

Millions have been spent in the improvement of this line, and all human ingenuity has been adopted to protect its patrons against accident. The line is renowned for its fast trains and the general superiority of its service and equipment.

TOURIST SLEEPERS A SPECIALTY

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

We are selling the BEST NEW CROP

50c. TEAS
in the U. S.

Oolong, Eng. Breakfast, Gunpowder, Souchong, Congou Mixed, Japan, Young Hyson, Imperial, Ceylon.

Good Oolongs, Mixed and Eng. Breakfast, 25 & 30c. lb.

We are selling the BEST

25c. COFFEE

Good Roasted COFFEES, 12, 15, 18 and 20c. a lb.

SPECIAL OFFER

ON a SAMPLE ORDER of $5.00 and upwards of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts and Baking Powder, we will allow you 20 per cent. off and pay all express charges, so that you may thoroughly test the quality of the goods. This is a chance that is seldom offered; it gives all a chance to purchase our goods at less than cost.

For full particulars and prompt attention, address,

MR. COOK, Care of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
31 & 33 Vesey Street, P. O. Box 289, New York.

"But why did he marry?"

"So as to have some one to help him live within his income. He couldn't do it alone."—*Chicago Post.*

NOT QUITE HER MEANING.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER—"I'm glad to find you've turned over a new leaf, Muggles, and don't waste your money at the saloons."

MUGGLES—"Yes, miss, I have it in by the barrel now, and that *do* come cheaper."—*Punch.*

Life insurance is of such general acceptance that the man who is not insured is the exception.

Are you the exception?

Consult the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921–3–5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 12, Lebanon, Ohio.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

Popular Reading

Fun for the Millions

JUDGE'S LIBRARY MAGAZINE
Ten Cents a Copy

SIS HOPKINS' OWN BOOK
Ten Cents a Copy

JUDGE'S QUARTERLY
Twenty-five Cents a Copy

JOEL JARVIS'S JAY JOKES
Ten Cents a Copy

Any of the above by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address JUDGE, New York

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

I. W. Harper Rye.

"On Every Tongue."

A sweet breath from sun-kissed fields of golden grain; nectarized by perfect distillation; enriched, ripened and mellowed by old age. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., - - Louisville, Ky.

A Chance Courtship

is a story of an unconventional love match, well told and beautifully illustrated. The small picture above only *suggests* the real charm of these illustrations. As a bit of readable fiction the story is well worth writing for. It is contained in a handsomely bound book of 128 pages, a portion of which is devoted to the attractive mountain and lake resorts along the Lackawanna Railroad. It is a book you will like to see. It may be had by sending 10 cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

PRESS OF SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHOGRAPHING AND PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AN AMBIGUOUS REPLY.

TATTERED RAILTON—"Dis paper says de doctors is takin' skin from folks an' transferrin' it onter livin' patients."
HUMOROUS HOBBS—"Dat must be a new 'skin-graft.'"

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY JUDGE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York

A LITTLE ROUGH.

MR. DROOLS (*to himself*)—"Ah wondah ef dat southern gent ordered watahmilyun an' br'iled chicken jes' ter tantalize dis poor cullud waitah?"